

## NEW YORK JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOV. 23, 1896.

THE FUTURE  
OF  
CUBA

The news from Cuba is monotonous. Weyler is always going to crush out the insurrection in his next battle, but in the meantime the rebels win all the victories. The campaign of promises is conducted with great spirit from Spanish headquarters, but the honors in the campaign of achievements rest with the Cubans. Save in the direction of butchering defenceless prisoners, this chief soldier of all Spain has accomplished nothing since he took the field in Cuba, with a mighty blowing of trumpets and boasting of his military renown.

How long is this miserable and impotent effort to enforce the authority of a tottering throne upon a spirited and patriotic people to be continued? Dispatches from Madrid report that the Government is satisfied with Weyler. But this same Government belittles the revolution, describes the revolutionists as a mere handful of undisciplined and ill-armed guerrillas, and even threatens active hostility to any nation that may formally recognize a state of war as existing in the island. How curiously illogical it is to declare the enemy insignificant and then applaud the general who shrinks from giving them battle.

To careful observers it has long been evident that the Cubans will never be put down. Every element of military strength save equipment is in their favor. Inured to the climate, which in certain seasons is little short of pestilential, they escape the diseases which ravage the Spanish army. Familiar with the topography of the country, they can secure every advantage of position when threatened by a larger force. They are volunteers, patriots fighting to defend their homes, while Weyler's army is made up of mercenaries bound on a campaign of invasion. Providence is not always on the side of the heaviest batteries. The spirit animating an army has as much to do with its success as has the number of its cannon.

In time the Cubans will win through mere persistence in the face of Spain's impending bankruptcy. But meanwhile the island is being ravaged with fire and sword, its commerce is being destroyed, its people beggared. Heavy as is the price, it is none too big to pay for liberty, but it is one that need not be paid would the pioneer among American republics but speak a word of good cheer and of encouragement. Spain, unequal to the task of suppressing the insurrection, would not add to that work a war with the United States.

Intervention by this nation to check the inconclusive war which is being fought at our own door would be a service to civilization and to humanity. It is a step that we have every right to take, for American interests dominate the commercial life of the island and are now being sacrificed to Spanish misrule. No civilized nation could rightfully protest, for every people would profit by the rescue of the island from the dwarfing and repressive control of Spain. Manifest destiny decrees that this hemisphere shall yet be wholly made up of republics. Manifest destiny links the fortunes of Cuba to the United States.

Even Grover Cleveland might retire from office popular if he would but extend a helpful hand to this patriotic people. But if he obstinately refuse, the nation, remembering the pledge in the Republican platform, will have a right to expect McKinley to be Cuba's savior.

THE RULE  
OF THE  
MINORITY.

In Illinois the seceding faction of the Democratic party which cast its votes for Palmer and Buckner has kindly taken up the work of reorganizing the Democratic party, and invites all "loyal Democrats" to rally about its standard. Exactly 12,000 votes rewarded the activity of these gentlemen in the campaign, while the regular Democratic ticket received 462,754, or almost 40,000 more than Cleveland received in Illinois in 1892. In Kentucky, too, aided by the fervid eloquence of Mr. Watterson, the gold Democrats, who cast 5,013 votes, are proclaiming themselves the party and politely inviting the 217,757 voters for Bryan to surrender and accept their rule. In our own State the effort to subordinate the 645,889 Bryan voters to the skillful political managers who succeeded in rolling up 18,000 votes for Palmer has already begun, and perhaps, as New York was the banner State for that ticket, the lead may well be taken here.

The progress of this remarkable essay in the rule of the minority may well be watched with interest. In the nation 6,211,152 people voted the Bryan and Sewall ticket, while 138,670 gave their ballots to Palmer and Buckner. Now come the managers of the lesser body declaring that they alone may rightfully speak for the Democratic party, and that the humble submission of the greater body to the lesser is the first step toward peace. The ancient jest about the eleven obstinate jurors could have no better illustration.

NEEDED  
REVENUE  
LEGISLATION.

Secretary Carlisle's discovery that revenue legislation is absolutely necessary to put the national finances in sound condition is rather belated. Throughout the last session of Congress, when bonds were being sold to provide funds for the current expenses of government, the Secretary stoutly insisted that no deficit in the revenues existed, nor need any be feared. The Rev. John Jasper has not more pertinaciously preached his theory "the sun do move" than did Secretary Carlisle proclaim the solvency of the Treasury despite its apparent bankruptcy. In the face of this record, the Secretary's admission now that additional internal revenue taxes will be necessary to provide for the expenditures of the Government is tantamount to admission of systematic misrepresentation by him in the past.

Seemingly it was a mistaken idea that to admit the failure of the Wilson law would be a form of party disloyalty which actuated Carlisle in his extraordinary course. The condition of the Treasury was so patent to all that his repeated denials of any lack of money were received with general incredulity at the time, and are now made ridiculous by his tardy confession. If, as it seems probable, the Administration feared the political effect of any supplementary tariff legislation, it was singularly ill-advised. Nothing in the course of the past four years did more to develop that great force within the Democratic party which thrust out Cleveland and Carlisle than the repeated bond issues which the policy of inaction compelled.

It is not probable that Mr. Carlisle's suggestion now for providing more revenue by laying taxes on tea and other articles of general consumption will be heeded. An expiring Congress is little apt to take up burdens which can be left to its successor. That the new Administration and the new Congress chosen three weeks ago cannot at once take charge of the Government is unfortunate. The species of interregnum which follows every Presidential election is invariably hurtful to business.

When the new Congress shall assemble—particularly if McKinley should summon it immediately upon his inauguration—it will be the part of patriotism for Democrats to

refrain from merely factious opposition to revenue measures. Suggestion has been made that the silver Senators repeat the exploit of last Winter, and defeat any tariff measure which is not accompanied by a silver bill. Public sentiment would infallibly condemn such a course. The Republican party, having gained complete control of the Government, is entitled to put its policy—which in this year is definitely high protection and gold monometallism—to the test. If it succeeds in re-establishing prosperity through its administration of the state, it will merit and receive the gratitude of the citizens without distinction of party. If it fails, the people will turn elsewhere for leaders. Meanwhile it should be the policy of those in House or Senate who may disagree with the majority to confine their opposition to the usual parliamentary forms, discarding wholly those devices which only impede instead of directing legislation. The verdict of November third should be given its fullest effect.

THE  
STATE LABOR  
BUREAU.

The esteemed Tribune, whose toils and labors in behalf of patriotism in the form of protection entitle it to the gratitude of every monopoly in the land, lifts its kid-gloved hands in a holy horror, doubtless unaffected, over the suggestion that the Legislature shall provide for a State system of labor bureaus, the different branches of which it is proposed shall act in conjunction, that workmen seeking employment may be benefited. It can scarcely find language enough in the dictionary to properly display its emotions at the fancied iniquity of a plan that proposes to help the unemployed to get work and thereby save the State from supporting them in its poorhouses, but it does pretty well under the harrowing circumstances. It says that the plan is both "paternalistic" and "an expression of socialism," and it invokes the opinions upon socialism of that venerable if somewhat prejudiced and over-wrought philosopher, Herbert Spencer, to prove the peril which lies in establishing a State bureau to help the needy to help themselves. Whether the institution suggested would be likely to prove worth its cost is a question that ought to be fairly considered before the Legislature proceeds to affirmative action, but surely the esteemed Tribune is proving overmuch in asserting, as it does by implication, that in such a government as this of ours everything that might be called "an expression of socialism" must be rejected, regardless of its practical merits. The logic of the Tribune's position would make it necessary to dispose of the city's water works, the public schools, the courts and the fire and police departments. They are all "expressions of socialism," although of course no Socialist who knew the first principles of the creed he professed would claim that these co-operative agencies in themselves indicated any considerable drift toward the adoption of socialism as a system of state.

The Tribune's zeal against the labor bureau idea is much more genuinely humorous than some of its ostentatiously professed "funny" sayings, in view of the fact that it prides itself on being the leading newspaper advocate of protection, which taxes by act of Congress the millions for the chief benefit of corporations. In the case of the protected manufacturers—and it is always the biggest "trusts" which get the biggest protection, while the farmers get practically none—the Government acts directly according to the socialist principle as a theory, although in fact protection acts, most unjustly, for the benefit of the few against the many.

But if, for the sake of the argument, it should be admitted that protection was a good and glorious thing for the country as a whole, the Tribune is still grossly inconsistent in approving protection and opposing State labor bureaus. Protectionists make loud declamation about the benefit of protection to the workmen, and shrewdly so if not candidly, for if it be not justifiable on this ground, it surely is an unjust and unprofitable tree demanding the axe. How can protectionists reasonably oppose the proposal of State Commissioner McDonough, who only suggests a means by which workmen out of employment may be helped in their desire to support themselves and families?

A LITTLE  
MORE  
COURTESY.

Are our public manners degenerating? Almost every day the myriad of writers for the public press who make it their business to collect and print anecdotes of our city life contribute to the columns of the newspapers anecdotes which go to show that man's incivility to man, and more particularly woman's incivility to woman, make countless thousands mourn. We find much fault with cable railway conductors and elevated railway guards because they address us with brusque effrontery and hustle us about with scant consideration of our clothing or our feet. But do we ever stop to think that it would not do any of us a bit of harm to get the guards and conductors a better example than we do?

Will our friends of the better and dearer sex forgive us for suggesting that when one of them is about to step off a car and the other to step on it would be more becoming for one to give way to the other than for both to stand glaring at one another in hostile immobility, or to push against each other like Yale and Princeton football players? Of course, we do not presume to suggest that the younger ought to give way to the older, for there will be no arbiter of destiny at hand to decide which is the older. But let them follow the golden rule of the elevated roads, so oft proclaimed in rude, boisterous and indistinct English by the guards: "Let 'em off first!"

To the good brethren of the male sex, who, like the men of Athens, are ever seeking something new, the Journal addresses these few words of timely advice. After sitting all day at your desk in the counting house, do not imagine that it will depreciate your dignity or weaken your spine to stand up for twenty-five minutes in a car in order that a woman may sit down. The custom of arising to give a woman a seat has almost died out in New York, and half the men of the city are boasting that they never do it. Of course, the women might show a little more consideration and go uptown from the shopping district before the men come up from downtown. But no matter.

And, brothers and sisters, in the streets and in public places at large, show a little more consideration for one another. Look around and you will notice that as a rule you are very much occupied with yourselves, and often forget that there are others on the earth. Don't be afraid to beg a man's pardon if you run against him in the street. Let us have a little more oil on the wheels of our daily progress, and we shall all be surprised to see what a smooth running machine this old world is, after all.

A Cincinnati jury, which was without the least regard for the credit of the nation and the stability of our currency, has rendered a verdict against Mr. Breckinridge, one of the shining lights of the national preserving corps. The time has arrived to check this anarchistic spirit on the part of the American jurors.

Wall Street will not object to a Western man for Secretary of the Treasury provided he is of the Carlisle calibre. Western men of that sort can have their financial views remodelled without a vast amount of inconvenience.

The attorneys for the defence have undoubtedly made out a strong case against Marie Barber's family.

Weyler finds the "unhealthy season" in Cuba a prolonged affair.

The Talk of the  
Literary Shop.

I have always had a sneaking fondness for "reminiscences," a fondness which is sheer folly in an age that lives only for itself and has the contempt for elder generations that a well-brought-up American boy has for his grandmother. Therefore, it pleases me to notice that Mr. Bok, who certainly knows the tastes of the public as well as any man who supplies it with reading matter, has determined to publish a series of recollections of the great personal events of our national history. In a coming issue, Parke Godwin—a wise selection that, by the way—will describe how Kossuth rode up Broadway on the occasion of his arrival in this country, and in another Mr. Stephen Fiske will tell of the ball given to the Prince of Wales at a time when there were no society columns to tell the names of the guests and describe their costumes. Before long, I am sure, we will have some recollections of the famous evenings at Lady Blessington's, which have been more discussed in print than any other assemblages since the party gathered in Noah's ark. Now I have never attended any function that reminded me in any way of what I have read of the Blessington soirees, but at one time in my life I used to frequent the "Criterion," a home of Mr. Charles Collins's, and if Mr. Bok freshens up Union Square, and Mr. Bok would like a reminiscence of what artistic and dramatic society was in New York a dozen years ago, it would give me a great pleasure to furnish it in a manner of which the following is a sample:

There was a front and a back room to the Criterion, to say nothing of a bar, an ice-box and a free lunch counter. In the front room Charles himself presided, and the rear apartment was generally used as a hiding place for the "friends of the house" who used to sit there waiting for some one to invite every one to drink. The regular guests included such well-known members of literary and artistic circles as Mr. Ed. Mott, Mr. J. A. Wales, of Pack; Mr. John Matthews, the actor; a hollow-eyed invalid known as "Gus Williams's brother"—who in consequence of his malady was included in nearly every invitation to drink, and generally took something with an egg or a beefsteak in it—Mr. Charles Thorne, and about forty aged and infirm members of the "profession" who came in a large once a day to see if there were any letters for them. The bar was represented by George Day, who used to drop in from his place in Twenty-third street, and the bench by a certain Judge Hyatt, who had a fabled voice of great resonant qualities, and was addicted to strong drink. At one end of the bar there was a cigar box containing a dozen ancient and mildewed letters, many of which had become so worn and tattered from frequent handling that it had been found necessary to fasten them with copper rivets. Every day precisely at 12 o'clock the aged and infirm tragedians and comedians would enter the bar room and go through the form of inspecting the letters in the cigar box. Once a practical joker suggested the idea of addressing a letter to one of these regular visitors and placing it in the box along with the rest, but Collins refused to permit anything of the sort in his place, on the ground that the actor in question had heart disease, and he did not want him to die on his door.

On the lunch counter were placed every morning at about the moment selected by the veterans of the drama for their first entrance, a segment of cheese and a bowl of crackers. By 2 o'clock there would be nothing left in the bowl but about half a pound of the finest dust conceivable; while of the cheese there would remain only the crescent of cheese-cloth which, by some miracle, always stood erect on the plate, the phantom of the departed food, long after every particle of nutriment had been scooped out of it by the busy hands of idle thespians.

The back room served, not only as a roosting place for the friends of the house, but also as a sort of lodging for Judge Hyatt, who used to dream the happy hours away on an old horse-hair sofa, snoring the while like a steam locomotive. There were also a number of patrons who made the front room their home, and were careful to see that Charles did not lose any of the shingles from the roof of his house. It is related of Mr. Wales that, on one occasion, he peeped cautiously through the swinging doors and beheld what he thought was an empty saloon. Then he burst into the room with a cheery shout of "Hello, Charles! Will everybody step up and have one with me?" To his horror, Charles looked over the newcomer's shoulder and said, "What's your's, Bill?" "What'll you have, Judge?" and Wales turned horror-stricken to find a stream of "setters" emerging in single file from the back room, where they had been lying in wait, while half a dozen gnomes quickly materialized in the shadowy and remote corners of the saloon and hurried forthly up to the bar.

The above is merely a sample of what I can do in the way of artistic and literary reminiscence. I shall be happy to supply any magazine editor with goods of this quality in lots to suit the purchaser.

In the first of Mr. Hamlin Garland's papers on Ulysses S. Grant, published in the current number of McClure's Magazine, we learn that Jesse Grant always predicted a remarkable career for his son, a prophecy that seems only natural when we see the picture of the house in which Ulysses was born, and also the portrait of his mother in a white cap of the kind always worn by the mothers of Generals and Presidents. If it had been actually built of logs, instead of boards, the little one-story cabin shown in McClure's could not have been better adapted to lithographic electioneering than it is. If a son of mine were to be born in such a building I would regard it as proof positive that he was fore-ordained for the Presidency, even without the aid of such powerful accessories as a determined looking mother in a white muslin cap and a tannery hard by for the boy to make a record in. Next to driving mules along a towpath which leads from virgin forests directly to the steps of the White House, there is no occupation that so thoroughly fits a boy, in the popular estimation, for the duties of the Presidency as working in a paragraph. That is because a tannery looks so well in a colored picture almost as well, in fact, as a canal towpath or a log cabin, or an old woman in a white cap. What a great thing it would be for our national politics if some artist were to discover the art of making an effective and convincing lithograph of a candidate quietly attending to his business!

JAMES L. FORD.  
The Maine Center.  
(Detroit Tribune.)  
Maine is going hell bent for most of the Cab-  
le Job, too.

A LEAFLET FROM THE  
YELLOW KID'S DIARY.

"SUNDY—Dere aint nothin' wrote in me diry yesterday, 'cause I went t' de football game, and dere wot be much wote to-day, 'cause I got a orful taste in me mont, an' dere's lot o' t'ings I can't tell 'cause I don't know, an' I I ever get rid o' de killin' thirst I sign de pledge. Say, aint it orful w'en de flowin' bowl give ye de rinky-dink?"



me hart an' hope t' die I'd alwuz keep.

"Wen I asked her wot dem fellers wuz playin' football fer she laffed an' sed de dood wot wuz wid 'er used t' be a quarter back wuz in '92, but say, he looks all rite, all rite, now. De football players looked as if dey'd jest got out o' bed an' hadn't kombed dere hair. Say, wudn't de Southernland sisters make corkin' football players?"

"It wuz funny de way de crowd yelled like dey wuz seein' a show, an' w'en one o' de fellers wid de bangs wuz trun' down he got so scared he ran away an' de whole kaboodle chased him. If I'd been in de game I'd a chased 'im, too, an' smashed 'im fer runnin' away. But de galls an' de doods wuz sore on de scrappers, an' dey all yelled, w'en dey seen dat de bloke wid de bangs wuz runnin' away. 'Rah fer Princeton!' yells Maud. 'All rite Maud,' sez I, 'wot you do I do,' an' I yells 'Rah fer Princeton!' t' beat de band. 'Wen I gets tired' o' yellin' I sez t' Maud: 'Now tell me, dere, wot wuz I yellin' in' fer, an' she gave me de laff so I got sore an' quit."

"Den I went to de Tendellon an' some mug I never seen befaw lauded me off an' yelled, 'Rah fer Princeton!' an' den anudder mug wot wuz luvvers wuzt but strangers now to me bawled me off an' I yelled, 'Rah fer Yale!' an' after dat a lot o' t'ings hap'nd. W'en de clock struck twelve dere wuz a little kid wid a yellor dress wot wuz spelin' wid a sobriet in Hammerstine's an' tellin' her dat he wud be troo till deeth, an' dat wuz me. W'en de clock struck two dere wuz a little yellor kid stan' on a table in a restaurant yellin', 'Rah fer Princeton!' an' a big bum comes along an' puts 'im out, an' dat wuz me."

"W'en de clock struck t'ree dere wuz a little kid wid his dress lookin' like a flag dat wuz t'ree de waz askin' a cop wot wuz t' quickest wuz t' McFadden's flats. Dat wuz me, too."

"Say, dis sportin' life is tnf, an' I gess I'll gliv' Liz de luvver's-not-ting, 'cause Princeton gals is too rich fer me blud, but I wish I end shake dat orful taste in me mont."

## A MOMENT WITH THE CHAPPIES.

By CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

FANKNESS is one of the many charming characteristics of Mrs. John R. Drexel.

"What a pity it is," says she, "that so many people who simply adore music cannot come to the opera at all, or else have to perch away up there in the galleries, while I sit here in my parterre box and care nothing for the performance on the stage."

"That would indeed be pitiable if the parterre box were intended merely for the accommodation of music lovers."

But it isn't. The parterre box was invented, constructed, purchased and occupied for an altogether different purpose.

When Mrs. Drexel shall have lived longer in New York she will discard the very Philadelphia idea that music is in any sense a primary factor in attracting the heavy swells that grace the glittering horsehoes.

Even that apostle of Apollo, Mr. Henry Clews, once admitted that he kept a couch in the ante-room of his parterre box in order that he might take a nap during the operatic performance.

Most of the toppy set, however, have neither Mrs. Drexel's frankness nor Mr. Clews's somnolence.

Egad! What a blessing it would be if the latter were prevalent.

That beastly football game left me all day yesterday very much in the condition of the Yale team at the end of the scrap—not in it.

I don't know whether it was the cold I got or the hot Scotch I took to keep from taking the cold, but the deadly work was done just the same.

I tried to read the miles of words descriptive of the game, but I really couldn't. Why can't these chapies that write for the newspapers follow the excellent example of Mr. Edgar Saltus, and stop when they are through.

I always turn to Saltus when I want to know about football or the proper length of the bicycle skirt.

By the way, Saltus and I and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger are about all society has left in literature since Channing Doyvis, the Paul Bourget of America, took to dress.

This thing of placing Yale as a buldog in the menagerie of college sports is something new.

It was eminently appropriate on Saturday, however.

Yale had no more chance against Princeton than a buldog has against a tiger.

But what should we do with such nomenclature in the event of a victory by Yale?

Would we have to admit the possibility of the tiger's defeat by the buldog, or would we have to transform the tiger into a toment?

These perplexing questions were discussed at length in the Waldorf cafe by several chapies yesterday afternoon, but so far as I could make out no definite conclusion was reached.

They were also suffering from colds and hot Scotch, contracted at the football game.

What a merry, merry blade Archie Pell is!

On Saturday night, in the Waldorf, Archie saw at one of the tables a very

"An' say, it's all up wid me an' Liz, 'cause I didn't take her t' de football game, an' she seen 'de luvver's-not-ting' wot de Princeton goll wot got stuck on me—well, say, w'en I tink ny dat Princeton goll I gess it must be a dream, 'cause it wuz out o' sight, but she got stuck on me all rite, all rite."

"You swine, elegant little darling, slatche lovely? she sed, an' she tickled me under de chin. 'Oh, I don't know, Maud,' I sez; 'dere aint no cowbells on you, too.' De dood wot wuz wid her sed I end sit on his lap, 'cause dere wuz no seats sayin'—I aint deid sure ny dat wold, but how can I wid de orful taste in me mont?' 'O, no,' sez I, 'I'll stan' by yer lady front,' an' den she laffed like dat beautiful meweic in Tony Pastor's, an' sed I end skeweeze between 'er."

"Say, de football game wuzn't in it wid de Princeton goll. 'D'y'e luv me, Maud' I sez, an' she laffed an' sed I wuz too sweet an' if I'd-well I gess I wotn't rite dat in me diry, 'cause ye can't tell wot Liz'd do if she gets her jellus up, but say, she gave me a luvver's-not-ting wot I swore cross

me hart an' hope t' die I'd alwuz keep."

"Wen I asked her wot dem fellers wuz playin' football fer she laffed an' sed de dood wot wuz wid 'er used t' be a quarter back wuz in '92, but say, he looks all rite, all rite, now. De football players looked as if dey'd jest got out o' bed an' hadn't kombed dere hair. Say, wudn't de Southernland sisters make corkin' football players?"

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George Gould is taking just a bit more care in riding to hounds these days.

He isn't superstitious and takes no stock in the theory of the third time and out, but he has had two very nasty falls since he went in for timber topping, and he isn't going to have the third one if he can help it.

After that, George really needs a little more instruction from his old equestrian tutor, "Purr" Collier.

"Purr" himself is a very devil when astride a horse, and no fence was ever too high for him to go over or through.

Wen George Gould was made M. F. H. of the Ocean County Hunt, that was a great feather in "Purr's" cap, but the pupil was never as tough as the tutor, and so with a lack of teaching has come a lack of confidence.

The M. F. H. of the Ocean County Hunt ought to borrow Mr. Collier's patent portable stag hunt.

Well, I'll tell you. "Purr" Collier's fiery blood revolted at the intolerable tameness of chasing a senseless anise-seed bag, and so he set his quick and fertile brain to the invention of something more agreeable to his taste.

He had it in a jiffy. He built a sort of a stable with an inswinging door and put the structure on wheels so that he could haul it easily from one place to another.

Then he bought a stag and trained the animal not only to live on wheels, but to run for the stable as fast as it could whenever it was frightened.

"Purr's" famous pack of hounds were also trained to chase the stag.

After that, whenever "Purr" wanted to treat his friends to a rattling day's sport, he had only to wheel his portable stable to the point desired, drive the stag a few miles further on, turn the pack loose and ride like the wind.

The stag always beat the hounds to the stable, and the automatic door did the rest.

That's the sort of thing George Gould needs, if he would be a real M. F. H. and the peer of such horsemen as "Purr" Collier.

It doesn't necessarily follow that the heavy swell in society will always be a conspicuous success in trade.

Rawlins Cottrell is a go as a retail florist. Miss Barnwell and Miss Lawrence made money out of millinery, and the Lowery-Wilmerding firm is attracting profitable attention thanks to copious free newspaper advertising, but I hear that the Misses Elliott, sisters to Duncan Elliott, are having a device of a time with their lodging house scheme, and especially the restaurant end of it.

It is said that they have had something like forty-seven different cooks since they went into business.

Seen and Heard  
in London.

London, Nov. 20.—Mr. Labouchere pokes at the Castles a good deal of criticism that sounds brutal to those who know Mr. Castle or take the American view of his being in trouble in a strange land. I heartily sympathize with Mr. Castle, and yet can find no fault with the comments Truth publishes. When you reduce the Castle case to its primary element this is what you find: You discover that London, the great stamping ground of tourists, has been suffering from shoplifting to an extent that is appalling to those who know it and must necessitate a terrible loss to the shop-keeping fraternity. Since Americans are the most numerous class of the tourists, and since all grades and shades of them come over here, it need surprise no one that they are suspected of contributing some share to this epidemic of crime. I have been repeatedly urged to talk with this or that hotel keeper about the tendency of hotel visitors from abroad to steal plated ware and little trifles to take home as souvenirs. I have not done so, because what's the use?

But that doesn't alter the fact that in the height of this epidemic the Castles were suspected, and then they were found living in one room with six trunks heavily burdened with stolen goods. They would have been arrested in any country of the world had this happened. Being arrested here, where the reward for law is extraordinary and the enforcement of it most strict, I, for one, am amazed at how easily they got off. When they were first thrown in jail your reporters could not turn up anywhere a civilian or official who believed either one would get off. For it certainly did look suspicious that Mr. Castle should have had his clothing in the trunks that contained the stolen articles.

The Castles were saved by the most extraordinary pressure of high influence ever brought to bear upon these courts in favor of a stranger. It is true that there was an Earl here who shoplifted every day of his life. Nothing was done with him because it was easier to watch him and send in a bill every time he stole, with the certainty that he would pay it. Such an arrangement could scarcely be expected in the case of a touring American. The weight of influential friendships and of the interference of a great government in his behalf brought to the English mind the knowledge that it was unlikely that a reputable merchant would connive with the wrongful acts of his wife. But in the meantime Castle had been put in jail in one cell and his wife in another. He has told me the horrible good man he had, but like the brave, good man he had, he appreciates that his treatment was becoming his condition. He was supposed to be a thief and he got a thief's treatment. He was shoved into his cell, jerked out of it, flung forward when he lagged in the line of prisoners out for exercise, and his wife suffered such brutality as to have a faller roar at her—when she complained—"You'll get used to it when you get your eight years!" But in the weight of argument in favor of Castle's innocence got him sent free.

The wife's case was very different. She at least had been stealing. Her plea of kleptomania seemed so old a trick in the minds of the police and court people that they frankly said it was played out. Fortunately, she was able to bring high medical testimony to support it. Instead of confronting a Judge with the national tendency to be especially hard upon all rich offenders and especially stern in administering the law, she had the rare good luck to meet with the tenderest-hearted Justice I have heard of in England. As I called upon her, he was almost as much cut up with the duty he had to perform as Mr. Castle was by the plight into which he had fallen. Judge McNeill insisted upon all the medical evidence that could be got, and even then was powerless to shove the law aside and free a woman who pleaded guilty of stealing. What he did was to administer such a sentence as would consign her to a hospital in a jail instead of to the cells. On this her second appearance in prison, everything had changed. There cannot be any suspicion that the people at Wormwood Scrubs were influenced by any improper means. They simply had learned the story of her misery, had felt the influence of the tremendous backing by decent people and powerful people which she possessed, and this time she was not regarded or treated as a criminal. Everybody was kind to her. Everything that could be done in a prison in England was lavished upon her, and only in England was she a prisoner. The Queen had signed the order for her discharge, and when you think that the vast enormous machinery of the British Government was actually set in motion to procure her release in four days you will see that the charge of unfairness or even of sternness changes into a testimonial to the British for leniency and humanity in the Castle case.

JULIAN RALPH.  
The Real Thanksgiving.  
When the chestnut burrs are opening  
And the leaves are leaving fast,  
They are bustling up at grandpops  
To prepare the grand repast.  
That the city sons and daughters  
Yearly get from dear grandpops  
When they go to spend Thanksgiving,  
Yes, Thanksgiving at the farm!

How they crowd the loved old farm house  
With